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LITERARY.

From the Penn. Freeman.

STANZAS FOR THE TIMES.

To agitate the question (slavery) anew, is not only impolitic, but it is a virtual breach of good faith to our brethren of the South; an unwarrantable interference with their domestic relations and institutions. "I can never, in the official station which I occupy, consent to countenance a course which may jeopard the peace and harmony of the Union."—*Gov. Porter's Inaugural Message.*

No "countenance" of his, forsooth!

Who asked it at your vassal hands?

Who looked for homage done to truth,

By Party's vile and hateful bands?

Who dreamed that one by them caressed,

Would lay for her his spear in rest?

His "countenance"! Well, let it light

The human-rober to his spoil!—

Let those who track the bondman's flight,

Like bloodhounds, o'er our once free soil,

Bask in its sunshines while they may,

And howl its praises on their way!

We ask no boon: our rights we claim—

Free press and thought—free tongue and pen,

The right to speak in Freedom's name,

As Pennsylvanians and men:

To do, by Lynch Law unfeud,

What our own Rush and Franklin did.

Ay, there we stand, with pliant feet,

Steadfast, where these old worthies stood:

Upon us let the tempest beat,

Around us swell and surge the flood:

We fail or triumph on that spot:

God helping us, we falter not.

A breach of plighted faith! for shame!—

Who voted for that "breach" who gave

In the State councils, vote and name

For freedom for the District slave?—

Consistent Patriot! go, farewell,

Blot out, "expunge" the record there!

Go, eat thy words. Shall Henry Clay

Turn round—a moral Harlequin?

And arch Van Buren wipe away

The stains of his Missouri sin?

And shall that one unlucky vote

Stick burr-like in thy honest throat?

No—do thy part in "putting down"!

The friends of Freedom—summon out

The parson in his saintly gown,

To curse the outlawed roundabout,

In concert with the Belial brood—

The Balaam of the brotherhood!

Quench every free-discussion light—

Clap on the legislative snuffers,—

And caulk, with "resolutions" tight,

The ghastly rents the Union suffers!

Let Church and State brand Abolition

As Heresy and rank Sedition.

Choke down, at once, each breathing thing

That whispers of the Rights of Man:—

Gag the free girl who dares to sing

Of Freedom's o'er her dairy pan;

Dog the old farmer's steps about;

And hush his cherished treason out.

Go hunt sedition—Search for that

In every pedlar's cart of rags;

Pray into every Quaker's hat

And Dr. Fussell's saddle bags,

Lest treason wrap, with all its ill,

Around his powders and his pills.

Where Chester's oak and walnut shades

With slavery-laden breezes burst,

And on the hills and in the glades

Of Bucks and honest Lancaster,

Are heads which think, and hearts which feel—

Flints to the Abolition steel!

Ho!—steal down a corporal's guard

With flow of dag, and beat of drum—

Storm Lindley Coates's poultry yard,

Belieguer Thomas Whitson's home!

Beat up the Quaker quarters—show

Your valour on an unarmed foe!

Do more. Fill up your bothane jails

With faithful men and women—set

The scaffold up in these green vales,

And let their verdant turf be wet

With blood of unresisting men—

Av, do all this, and more!—WHAT THEN?

Think ye, one heart of man or child

Will fater from in lety faith,

At the mob's tumult, fierce and wild—

The prison cell—the shameful death?

No—nursed is storm and trial long,

The weakest of our hand is strong.

Or while before us visions come

Of slave-ships on Virginia's coast—

Of mothers in their childless home,

Like Rachel, sorrowing o'er the lost—

The slave-gang scoured upon its way—

The blood-hound and his human prey,

We cannot falter! Did we so,

The stones beneath would murmur out,

And all the winds that round us blow,

Would whisper of our shame about.

No—let the tempest rock the land,

Our faith shall live—our truth shall stand.

True as the Vandois, hemmed around,

With Papal fire and Roman steel—

Firm as the Christian heroine, bound

Upon Domitian's torturing wheel,

We have no breath—we curb no thought;

Come who may come, we falter not!

TRY, TRY AGAIN.

'Tis a lesson you should heed,

Try, try again;

If at first you don't succeed,

Try, try again;

Then your courage should appear,

For, if you will persevere,

You will conquer, never fear,

Try, try again.

Once or twice, though you should fail,

Try, try again;

If you would at last prevail,

Try, try again;

If we strive, 'tis no disgrace,

Though we may not win the race;

What should you do in the case?

Try, try again.

If you find your task is hard,

Try, try again;

Time will bring you your reward,

Try, try again;

All that other folks can do,

Why, with patience, should not you?

Only keep this rule in view,

TRY AGAIN.

SONNET.

Thrice welcome, thou! first in the train of Spring!

March! month of wasting winds and lowering skies!

At whose approach the maddened tempests rise,

And through the valley sweep on louder wing!

Hymning their own death songs!—Though storm-

clouds cling.

Around thy chariot, and, with dreariest sighs,

The arrowy blast along thy pathway dies,

Still unto thee a welcome do I sing.

For though, amid thy reign, no wild's bird's lay,

At early morn, salutes the raptured ear;

Though no sweet flowers unfold their petals gay,

No pleasant sighs the lonely spirit cheer—

Thou bring'st the bosom joy, to know that they

Cannot be far behind; when thou art here.

NON-RESISTANCE.

THE PRESENT CRISIS.

3d mo. 9th, 1839.

FRIEND GARRISON:

Although I had watched with much interest 'the signs of the times,' which forebode ill, I was half afraid a false alarm had been sounded. Would for the honor of the cause it had been so. Is it then true, that the worst fears of many of the tried friends, and the predictions of the greatest enemies of our cause are to be realized? Must this great and benevolent enterprise, the enfranchisement of man, become the mere tool of party, the petty machinery of political aspirants? Will we descend from the discussion of principles, to quarrel over the characters of men; from the high and sacred platform of religions and moral action, to enter the arena of political strife? As well might the proud bird of heaven, that fearlessly bathes its wing in the ethereal sunlight of the skies, stoop to flutter with the meeker birds of earth. And must the Liberator, the pioneer in the cause of human rights, the only untrammeled organ of free discussion in the land, be put down, because it dares to do with the heaven-born principles of Peace? Never! no! Are those objectors serious, who, wanting other argument, assert that the introduction of that subject will divide our strength? Do they really believe the advocates of 'peace on earth and good will to men,' would, for a moment, hold their fellow-men in bonds? There is moral sublimity in thy language!

'Theirs want us to hand down the white banner of Peace, and then they will not quarrel with us. NEVER. If that flag must be struck, or the Liberator, the cause of the slaves, be given up, then we are to hand down the black banner of alienation and slavery.'

Full many a fathom deep?

'conquered not, though slain.' And this we say, not in a contumacious or perverse spirit. We feel that it is longer a matter of choice with us whether we re-cede or go forward? 'There are glorious revolutionary tendencies appearing in the principles of our holy Master.'—'Man must be set free, and the world be regenerated.' Christ shall hold dominion from sea to sea; though the heathen rage, and priests and rulers conspire against him.

No eagle eye was wanted to discover, 'dim and in the distance,' the signs of party strife breaking fearfully and high upon the rock of Political Action, on which those in danger of being wrecked. Let those, who sincerely believe that the sword of emancipation can only be effectually wielded by the arm of civil power, endeavor, by a judicious selection of candidates, to have a conscience void of offence. But let them beware. For if ever the abolition enterprise shall degenerate into a separate political organization, from that moment shall we date the prostration of the sacred energies of our cause. Let all those opposed to the measure speak now for the right. 'Now is the time, and now is the hour.' The crisis has come, and who will abide the ordeal? 'The wisdom of man never wrought the righteousness of God.' That political aspirants, who seek the honor of men more than that which comes from God, and their own interest more than the liberty of the oppressed, should try to subserve their ends, and that they would find tools for the purpose, was to be expected. But I am surprised that the professed ministers of the gospel of the holy and blessed Jesus, who, hitherto would not stoop to dip so much as the tips of their fingers in the dark and turbid waters of politics, and who have constantly proclaimed, 'that the weapons of their warfare were not carnal, but spiritual, and mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds,' can, for any reasons or motives of expediency, at once lay off the armor of God and substitute the weapons of men. But 'great is Diana of the Ephesians,' who are worshippers of 'the image that fell down from Jupiter.' We might almost say of these sage philosophizing divines, who are thus letting down the long boat of expediency, as said the apostle of the shipmen, when their vessel was endangered by the storm, 'Except these abide in the ship ye cannot be saved.' But not altogether, for even without their guidance we might not despair. Too late will they find, that in this warfare of the Michael of truth, and his angels of liberty and mercy, against the Dragon of slavery and his angels of tyranny and oppression, 'which hitherto have fought and prevailed not,' they have at best, but put on Saul's armor, and that it is only the smooth stone and the sling, wielded by the David in our Israel, that can smite to earth the proud Goliath of Gath, and put to flight the hosts of the uncircumcised Philistines, who boldly dare defy the enterprise of course.

A FRIEND.

As I rejoice in the truth, and take an interest in the cause of humanity in which you are engaged, I feel disposed to patronize your paper. Among the thousands of papers in circulation at the present day, I find none which to me appears to embrace so much truth as your paper, and to which I am led by my own interest to subscribe.

Full many a fathom deep?

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